

He had been a few weeks employed in the counting-house, when he received a letter from his parents. His father informed him that they had received a letter from his uncle, who was then in London; but, added he, "he has forgotten to give us his direction, where we may write to him, or where ye may find him." His mother added an important postscript, in which she informed him, that "She was sorry she was right after a', that there wasna luck in a squintin' first-foot; for he would mind o' the sailor that brought the letter, that said he was to be his uncle's heir; and now it turned out that his uncle had found an heir o' his ain."

It was the intention of George, when he had read the letter, to go to the house of his benefactor, and inquire for his uncle's address, or the name of the ship; but when he reflected that he might know neither—that he was not to return to his house for three months, nor until he was sent for—and, above all, when he thought that he was no longer his uncle's heir, and that he now could offer up no plea for looking up to the lovely Isabel, he resumed his pen with a stifled sigh, and abandoned the thought of finding out his uncle for the present.

He had been rather more than ten weeks in the office, when the unknown Isabel entered and inquired for the merchant. She smiled upon George as she passed him, the smile entered his very soul, and the pen he took in his hand. It was drawing towards evening, and the merchant requested George to accompany the young lady home. Joy and agitation raised a tumult in his breast. He seized his hat, he offered her his arm, but he scarce knew what he did. For half an hour he walked by her side without daring to utter a single word. They entered the Park; the lamps were lighted amidst the trees along the Mall, and the young moon shone over them. It was a lovely and an imposing scene, and with it George found a tongue. He dwelt upon the effect of the scenery; he quoted passages from his own epic, and he spoke of the time when his fair companion was his mother's first-foot. She informed him that she was then hastening to the deathbed of her grandfather, whom she believed to be the only relative that she had in life, that she arrived in time to receive his blessing, and that, with his dying breath, he told her her father yet lived, and, for the first time, she heard his name, and had found him. George would

have asked what that name was, but when he attempted to do so he hesitated, and the question was left unfinished. They spoke of many things, and often they walked in silence; and it was not until the watchman called, "Past nine o'clock," that they seemed to discover that instead of proceeding towards Pimlico, they had been walking backward and forward upon the Mall. He accompanied her to her father's door, and left her with his heart filled with unutterable thoughts.

The three months had not quite expired, when the anxiously-looked-for invitation arrived, and George Rogers was to dine at the house of his uncle's friend—the father of the fair Isabel. I shall not describe his feelings as he hastened along the streets towards Pimlico. He arrived at the house, and his hand shook as he reached it to the rapper. The door was opened by a strange-looking footman. George thought that he had seen him before: it was indeed a face that, if once seen, was not easily forgotten: the footman had not such large whiskers as Bill Somers, but they were of the same colour, and they certainly were the same eyes that first frightened his mother in the head of her first-foot. He was shewn into a room where Isabel and her father waited to receive him. "When I last saw you, sir," said the latter, "you informed me you were the nephew of John Rogers. He finds he has no cause to be ashamed of you. George, my dear fellow, your uncle Jack gives you his hand! Isabel, welcome your cousin!" "My cousin!" cried George. "My cousin!" said Isabel. What need we say more—before the New Year came, they went down to Scotland a wedded pair, to be his mother's first-foot in the farm house which had been rebuilt.

THE PERSECUTED ELECTOR;

OR,

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF SIMON GOURLAY.

Be not afraid, most courteous reader: you will find nothing of party politics in the following *Passages from the Life of Simon Gourlay*. Know, then, that Simon was a dour, respectable member of the town-council in the burgh of L—: and it was his lot or his misfortune, as he affirmed to be a sorely persecuted elector. But we must allow Simon to narrate the history of his persecutions in his own words. "Weel," he was